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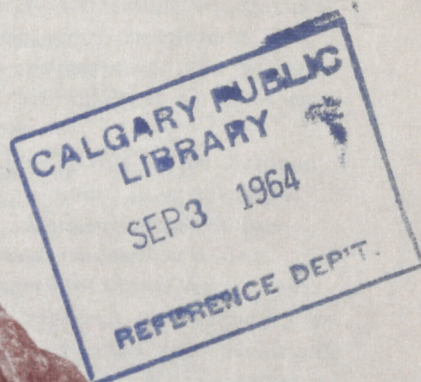
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# BULLETIN

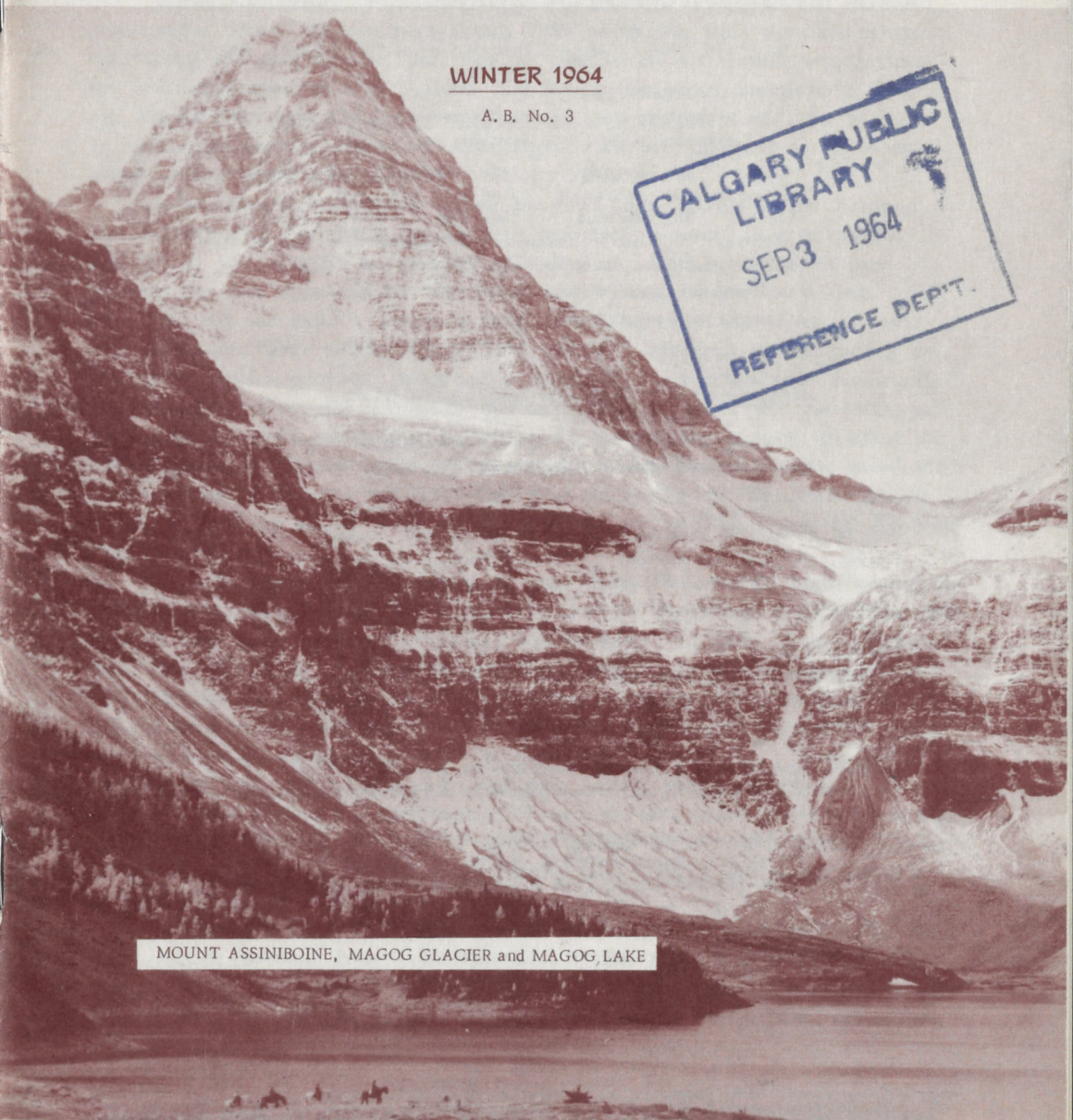
Trail Riders and Skyline Hikers of the Canadian Rockies

WINTER 1964

A. B. No. 3



MOUNT ASSINIBOINE, MAGOG GLACIER and MAGOG LAKE





BOYANT CREEK AND PALLISER PASS - RIDE AND HIKE CAMPSITES

July Rides: Monday July 13 to Friday July 17, 1964 (5 days)	\$95.00
Tuesday July 21 to Sunday July 26, 1964 (6 days)	\$110.00
August Rides: Sunday Aug. 9 to Friday August 14, 1964 (6 days)	\$110.00
Monday Aug. 17 to Saturday Aug. 22, 1964 (6 days)	\$110.00
August Hike: Sunday, Aug. 2 to Thursday, Aug. 6, 1964 (5 days)	\$50.00

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEES:

Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies - 41st Annual Rides  
 (Founded in 1923 - 1st official ride in July, 1924)

President:	Mr. Earl Lomas	8031-Churchill Dr. S.W., Calgary
Sr. Vice-Pres.	Mr. John Legge	3838-12 St. S.W., Calgary
Vice-Pres:	Mr. John Waite	2403-22nd Ave. S.W., Calgary
Sec. Treas.	Mr. Louis W. Shulman	622 - Madison Ave., Calgary
Rec. Secretary	- Mrs. Elaine Downing	- 925-Royal Ave., Calgary
Past-President	- Howard Watkins	- 5024 - 15th St. S.W., Calgary
Members	- Dr. Vaughan Mason,	Calgary
	- Mr. J. Taylor	1239 - Lansdowne Ave., S.W., Calgary

Skyline Hikers of the Canadian Rockies - 32nd Annual Hike  
 (Founded in 1933)

President:	Mr. George W. Kendall	1201 - E. 10th, Amarilla, Texas
Sr. Vice-Pres:	Mr. Robert L. Jones	1140 - 16th Ave. N.W., Calgary, (and Chairman)
Vice-Pres:	Mr. Ian MacKenzie	Box 93 Strathmore, Alta.
Past Pres.	Miss Anne Fallis	1440 - 5th St. N.W., Calgary
Sec. Treas.	Mr. L. W. Shulman	622 - Madison Ave., Calgary
Recording Sec.	Miss Jeanne Hunt	2020 - 25th St. S.W., Calgary
Councillor:	Mr. Howard Herrle	630 - 21st Ave. N.W., Calgary
Councillor:	Mr. Bob Loudon	131 - Cornwallis Dr. N.W., Calgary

PUBLICATIONS:

Trail Chatter	- Mrs. Bunny Robinson	- 211 - 39 Ave. S.W., Calgary
Skyliner	- Miss Julie Hrapko	- 1929 - 11th St. S.W., Calgary
Bulletin	- Miss Mary Lore	- 1621 - 4th St. N.W., Calgary

Historical Note: Both associations were founded by Dr. John Murray Gibbon.  
 Both associations became independent of sponsorship in June, 1961.

Photo Cover: Assiniboine Mountain, 11,870 feet in elevation and one of the highest peaks in the Canadian Rockies. It is located in Assiniboine Provincial Park, in British Columbia very near the Alberta-British Columbia boundary.

RESERVATIONS should be made promptly with Mr. Louis W. Shulman,  
 Secretary-Treasurer  
 622-Madison Ave., Calgary, Alberta, Canada



EDITORIAL - As the Associations' third bulletin goes to press, our thanks go to all those who have taken the time to write literary contributions, or to express their praise and appreciation of the last Bulletin, Skyliner or Trail Chatter and to make suggestions which will enable us to have a better set of publications.

Much in the way of publicity has appeared in newspapers and various publications across the continent during 1963 about the trail rides and hikes. We express our gratitude to the Financial Post; Sunset and Holiday magazines; the Western Horseman; Field, Horse and Rodeo (Calgary); the Readers' Digest; Philadelphia and Seattle newspapers and to countless others who willingly printed information about our Associations. We are indebted to all those whose efforts made this favorable publicity possible.

A document has just been signed by your editor giving to the Eastman Kodak Company, permission to use and reproduce a color slide taken this summer by Miss Phyllis M. Morrow of Hamilton, Ontario. Miss Morrow attended the first ride of the 1963 season and it was also her very first trail ride but she says it won't be her last. The slide was taken on Monarch Ridge and your riding editor (in a red shirt) appeared in the picture as the human interest portion. Information about the trail riders will accompany the slide and will become a part of the story Eastman Kodak are presenting in pictures regarding the recreational activities and the various interests in which the people around the world engage. The two slides taken by Miss Morrow which the Kodak company selected will give the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies, a new opportunity to be seen by the millions who will be attending the New York World's Fair.

It was gratifying to have had news from those who were on the rides and the hike this year, but also from those who have attended in the past years and who continue to show their interest in fine and various ways. In 1930, from Berkeley, California, the bulletin editor received the following: "This having been my first trail ride, I cannot say enough in praise and appreciation of your wonderful mountain scenery, the way everything was conducted, the group of congenial people and the uniqueness of the delightful affair throughout. I have certainly "fallen" for your hospitable people and your lovely mountain region. The scenery was simply superb and spectacular. I had no idea there could be such a gorgeous mountain section. I will be forever spoiled for any other place, and hope to be able to get to Banff each year for the ride. As my Australian friend remarked, "It was an experience of a lifetime."

In 1963, following the season's first trail ride your editor who was also the camp emcee received these comments from a first time trail rider. He is also from south of the border. "I look back almost with regret, for as I look at the pictures I took, a disturbing thought comes to my mind, did I really take



enough time to thoroughly enjoy all the wonderful scenery. However, this is offset by the thought that I can still enjoy the scenery at any time in my own living room through the slides that I took. The comradeship of the group in my estimation was unbelievable and I am sure there were many times when we had sore muscles from riding but never once did I hear anyone complaining genuinely or loudly. Vacation for most of us is a form of escape and escape, we did, away from the city and into the wilds of the beautiful Canadian Rockies - you could search for fifty years and never find better companions with whom to escape."

A first time skyline hiker - but a veteran mountain hiker - has already requested next year's reservation. She says she is not very tall and needs a front seat, so she won't miss any of the flowers nor any of the magnificent scenery.

Almost one hundred hikers and over one hundred and fifty riders attended the annual hike and the four contingents of the 1963 ride during 1963 in the Simpson Summit - Healy Creek - Bourgeau ridge - Egypt and Scarab lakes region and what a beautiful area it is.

In 1964 the hikers plan to set up camp in the Palliser Pass which is somewhat south and east of the riders' location at Bryant Creek. Both areas are more or less due south of Banff approximately thirty miles. Get out your maps and locate the campsites which are both situated amid interesting hiking and riding territory. Take note that the hike is from a Sunday to Thursday inclusive (5 days) and the four rides are one 5-day and three 6-day events. Wonder Pass, Marvel Lake, Magog Glacier, Cautley Mountain and Mt. Assiniboine are all within the riders' reach.

The executives of the two associations feel the past year has been successful, both in attendance and financially, showing a small margin of profit. The hike in its 31st year of operation drew the largest attendance on record - ninety-six guests in camp. Each ride attendance is growing yearly and making it necessary to reserve early if you want space on the popular 2nd and 3rd rides. Each ride is limited to fifty guests. Both the 2nd and 3rd rides enjoyed a full house. Both the first and fourth had between 25 and 30 riders in attendance.

The 32nd annual hike in 1964 is limited to eighty guests. All of the sections of the 41st annual ride are each limited to fifty guests. Be sure to read the spring editions of the Trail Chatter or the Skyliner carefully and heed the pertinent information. In the meantime, send your reservation in to the secretary treasurer E A R L Y.

The fifth annual Hike-Ride Round-up in Calgary is slated for Thursday, February 20, 1964. Edmonton held their first Eskimo Rally of hikers and riders last February and Winnipeg enjoyed a second get-together in 1963 and we hope they will have their third in 1964. Good photography, fun, food, and fellowship are enjoyed at all these annual gatherings.



PERSONALITY CORNER:

PRESIDENT of the 1964 Trail Riders is Mr. M. Earl Lomas, Calgary. In private life Earl is a lawyer and practises with a local law firm. Calgary is Earl's home town. He graduated from the University of Alberta about ten years ago with a B. Com. and LL.B. degrees. Besides riding, Earl enjoys, when not busy at the bench and the bar, golf, curling and hunting. His wife, Dorothy, shares his recreational interests and was instrumental in making the arrangements for them to attend their first trail ride in 1959 and they have attended each year since that time. Mrs. Lomas, too, is an asset to the trail ride and acts as a charming and capable camp emcee. Dorothy is from Edmonton and graduated with a B. Sc. degree in Home Economics from the University of Alberta. They are raising three future trail riders, Margaret, Robbie and Stuart but as yet the children are not quite old enough to come along to the ride with Mother and Dad.

PRESIDENT of the 1964 Skyline Hike camp is George W. Kendall, Amarilla, Texas. He attended his first skyline hike in 1958 at Yoho and received his initial information about the hike from the Goodhousekeeping magazine. "Tex" administers good health through the prescription window of Kendall's Drug Store. However, he himself, recommends fresh air, plenty of exercise, the Texas climate in winter and a challenging vacation in the summer. We are looking forward to hearing first hand around the 1964 evening campfire, George's experiences of his 1962 Colorado 340-mile rubber raft river trip from Lees Ferry to Temple Bar and also of his 1963 boat trip over Surprise Rapids and Death Rapids on the Columbia River between Revelstoke and Golden.

CHAIRMAN of the Skyline Hikers Executive Committee is Robert L. Jones, Calgary. As the president is living in Texas and cannot attend the executive committee meetings, a resident chairman was appointed and in turn is a liaison between the president and the executive committee. Bob attended his first skyline hike at Yoho Valley in 1958. He acts as a trail guide during the annual camps and has been on the executive committee for the last two years. Bob was an active member of the Canadian Youth Hostellers for many years. He enjoys color photography but his special pride is his new cabin at the Kananaskis Lakes. Bob graduated from the University of Alberta with a degree in commerce and is presently employed as a chartered accountant with the local division of an international oil company.

THE EDITOR of the Associations' Bulletin is Miss Mary S. Lore, Calgary. Mary attended her first Skyline hike at Skoki in 1949 and 1963 was her 11th hike. Her first trail ride was 1952 at Harvey Pass and her 4th ride was 1963 in the same region.

She acts as camp emcee at both ride and hike camps. She has been secretary in the exploration department in the local office of an international oil company. During 1963 she decided to change her vocation and is now attending university in Edmonton and plans to teach business education in a Calgary high school in the fall of 1964. This explains why the 1964 Winter Bulletin had to be



prepared during the 1963 Christmas season if Mary was going to be its editor. If it seems a little short on 1964 news, she will catch up with issue No. 4 in 1965. Mary is interested in color photography and won the Townsend Trophy in 1952.

#### COLORFUL LAKES SURROUND MT. ASSINIBOINE

The late Arthur O. Wheeler, Dominion Government surveyor, had this to say. "Those who have visited Mt. Assiniboine will have noticed the many brilliantly colored little lakes of varying shades of blue and green by which it is surrounded. Chief among them is Lake Gloria, seen from the crest of Wonder Pass. I named it 'Lake Gloria' on account of its transcendent coloring. It looked to me like a rich green velvet and as I knew of no color with a name to match it, I called it 'royal green'. Marvel Lake, also seen from Wonder Pass is a superb ultramarine, and a detached pond at its eastern end is a very bright yellow. In a small valley at the southwest extremity of the Assiniboine group are two little tarns, named respectively, 'Assiniboine Lake' and 'Lunette Lake'; the first is a brilliant sky-blue and the other, a half mile away, is black as ink. The variations of nature in its creations are truly marvellous.

If you know where to look, I have no doubt that a large variety of fossils can be found in the limestone masses bordering this route to Mt. Assiniboine, that is via the Golden Valley (so named by Mr. Wheeler in the late autumn when his horses fed on the golden grass in this valley).

Lake Magog at the north base of the 11,870' giant, has a very considerable flow of water running into it, but no visible flow outward from the lake which would seem to be subterranean."

THANKS - to all those who attended the associations' outings as paying guests, to all the musicians, emcees and executive members who worked so very hard in 1963; to all those who didn't last year but are going to this year. SPECIAL thanks to Bunny Robinson who as president of the trail riders made a special effort to visit each of the four riding groups who went to camp; to Bud and to Annette Brewster; to Evelyn Boyd, Bowmanville, Ont.; to Lillian Gest, Wynnewood, Pa.; to Graham Nichols, Montreal; Reginald Townsend, New York; Helen Herrle, Calgary; Mrs. Rae Biggs, Calgary; and to 'Maxie' of Chapman Camp, B. C.

TRAIL RIDERS TOWNSEND TROPHY PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION has been resumed after a lapse of several years. An enthusiastic and efficient committee; Misses Mara Maitland and Helen Ramsay (a winner of the trophy on numerous occasions) and Mr. Charles Whittaker of Edmonton, were appointed at the 1963 annual meeting to get the contest on its feet again. A number of entries in color - slides and prints, black and white and some in stereo were received by the chairman, Mara Maitland. There were about fifteen entries. We appreciate your participation. Let us make the competition keener next year with a few more entries. Here are the lucky winners - see top of page 7.



- FIRST - W.R. Dahlke, 26-W Grant St., Minneapolis 3, Minnesota - 35 mm. slide,  
"Monarch Ridge" - taken on 1st ride in 1963.
- SECOND - Mrs. E. (Val) Newcombe, Seebe, Alberta - 35 mm. color slide,  
"Lunch Stop at Rock Isle Lake", - taken on 1st ride in 1963.
- THIRD - R. E. Pallat, 6 - Glenway Drive, Calgary, Alberta - colored print,  
"Trail Riders near Eohippus Lake" - taken on 2nd ride in 1963.

Trail Riders' Bulletin No. 19, February, 1929, carried the following story.

"Amateur photographers who participate in the Official Trail Rides next summer will have the incentive of competing for the very handsome engraved silver cup offered on behalf of "Country Life of America", the well-known illustrated magazine, by its editor, Mr. Reginald Townsend, who is one of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies, and was one of those responsible for its inception. This was in the summer of 1923, when Mr. Townsend was one of the party which camped on the Wolverine Pass and was held up for a day by inclement weather. During that enforced rest many discussions were held on the subject of trail riding, and eventually it was decided to organize an association provided the idea received sufficient encouragement. Mr. R. H. Palenske, artist of Chicago, promised to design the badge and Mr. Townsend promised the publicity of his columns, a promise which he nobly fulfilled.

Although unable to take part in any of the organized trail rides, personally, owing to pressure of business, Mr. Townsend has always taken a keen interest in its progress, and this magnificent trophy is tangible evidence of that interest. He has moreover, kindly consented to act as one of the judges of the photographs submitted and it is his ardent wish some day to join one of our expeditions. Both the rides planned go through magnificent alpine country, much of which has hitherto been known only to a few adventurous alpine climbers, so the photographic territory is practically new. Rules for this competition will be announced probably in the next issue of the bulletin. The cup will be held by the winner for one year and his or her name will be engraved on it. A handsome silver miniature of the trophy carrying the winner's name, the association's name and the date of competition will go to the winner."

The 1963 winner will have his or her name engraved on the original trophy and will also receive a small replica of the cup.

It is of interest to know that Mr. Reginald Townsend still visits the Canadian Rockies and did so during the summer of 1963. He lives in New York and the trail riders organization has been in correspondence with Mr. Townsend.

SPECIAL WELCOME to four new trail riding life members. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Douglas, Calgary; Mr. Jack McIver, Winnipeg and Mr. Wallace Joyce of Toronto. Miss Edna Crowther of Philadelphia became a life member of the Skyline Hikers late in 1962.



KNOW YOUR MOUNTAIN BIRDS by Lillian Gest, Wynnewood, Pa.

As you hike along the trails of the Rockies, there are many things to see and the more we observe and recognize, the more pleasure we get from our hiking. Some like the exercise only; some like the rocks, many enjoy the flowers and all like to see the big game as well as all the smaller animals. But the birds are often passed by and yet to more and more people they are becoming of great interest and do give much pleasure. Here in the Rockies there are a number of birds we see only in the high mountains and many are only found in the west.

Begin learning the birds gradually and start with the easy ones - stand on the bridge over the Bow River in Banff and watch the swallows there. These are Cliff Swallows - you will learn to recognize them by their square tails and buffy rumps and they build gourd-shaped nests of mud under the bridge and in early July their antics on the muddy shores of the Bow are amusing to watch, as they are gathering the mud. They can be seen often at Lake Louise also - on the road by the lake. Around the hotels are the violet-green swallows, exquisite little birds, known by the two little patches on their rumps. They nest in crevices in buildings and one has nested for years in a hole under the Lake Louise boat house roof. The Bank Swallow, who has a dark breast band below his throat, nests in bands. Look for his holes on the sides of gravel pits just below the top. There is a colony on the road to the Banff dump where the bears are; and another in the pit at the end of St. Julien Road and Wolf street in Banff. A Kingfisher also nests in the latter spot as he too, is a hole nester, strange as it may seem.

Around the mountain lodges there are lots of Clark's Nutcrackers, often called Clark's Crows. They are gray birds with flashy white patches on their wings and tail. They make raucous noises especially when feeding their young. They have a long bill and should not be confused with the Canada Jay, known as the Whiskey Jack or Camp Robber, which has a short bill. It is also gray and a much quieter bird but it can steal your lunch quickly if you are not looking. The other mischievous bird around Banff is the Magpie but you can't miss him with his magnificent black and white plumage and his long tail.

While you hike along, even through the outskirts of Banff, you can hear the White-Crowned Sparrow. He sings day and night in early July, in Banff, at Lake Louise and even at Mount Assiniboine. Those who live in the west will recognize him. He has a cousin, the Golden-Crowned Sparrow, which you will find only up near timberline at such places as Bow Lake and Maligne Lake or some high pass. He has a three-note whistle that seems to say, "Come see me." There is another sparrow you may hear too, at Lake O'Hara, at Mt. Assiniboine and sometimes near Banff. He is the Fox Sparrow, a slightly bigger browner bird with a slightly reddish tail - you'll know him - he is a sparrow



by his conical bill which all seed-eating birds have, and he will probably be on the tip-top of a tree singing his clear pretty song of several notes and ending his song with a sliding note.

Another bird that is usually seen on the tip-top of a tree is the Olive-Sided Flycatcher. If you hear a "pit-pit-pit" repeated again and again in the woods, look on the tops of the trees and you will often see him. His so-called song, not his call note, is paraphrased as "quick, three beers! quick, three beers!" There is another little fly-catcher in some of the poplar groves around Banff, the Least Flycatcher. He says "Che--bek", very emphatically and he says it a million times. If you once learn it, you will always recognize this bird by its call.

Perhaps you like the larger birds so look for the pair of Loons on Johnson Lake near Banff; or watch the Ospreys fish on Lake Minnewanka. The latter nest too, along the Vermilion Lakes. Look for the ducks there too and you will find several kinds - Mallards are the most common but the Barrows Golden-Eye will prove the most exciting at least to the Easterners. The males are not seen in July and August but the female and her brood will be found in many places. She has a dark brown head and a white line generally shows on her back. There is a family of Barrows every year on Mul Shoe Lake some eight miles from Banff on the old road to Lake Louise. An American Merganser raises a brood each year on the Bow River opposite the Cave and Basin pool.

But you are Skyline Hikers and at timberline and above, you will find other birds up there. The Gray-Crowned Rosy Finch lives up by the high snow fields and shares the terrain with the Water Pipit. The first is brown with rosy wings and rump. He really has a gray head patch or crown. He has a sparrow bill. The pipit is brown too but streaked, with tail feathers showing white, and his bill is longer and slender. Both are found at Lake McArthur, Lake Oesa, Mt. Assiniboine and other high mountain lakes.

Look for the Golden Eagles soaring over head, and be glad if you see them. They are becoming scarce and may not survive forever. Two nests, one in Banff and one at Lake O'Hara are now deserted after many years of use. We all enjoy the Ptarmigans. They are the white tailed species - up at timberline. Another thrill is to see a Water Ouzel or Dipper on the high mountain streams. He nests often under waterfalls and his antics in the water are amazing. Look too, for the Spotted Sandpipers along the lakes and streams. Their nest is easy to find and always has four eggs in it. The tiny babies can get up and run almost as soon as hatched. They teeter like their mother does and are very cute. Be careful not to step on one as they are like bits of willow fuzz when they hide and become quite invisible.

When at Lake Louise, do you hear the Hermit Thrush singing? They have one long note to start with and their song is said to be the most beautiful of all the bird songs. Another lovely thrush too is the Swainson's. He lives a little lower down than the Hermit and you will hear him in Banff or on the trail to Lake O'Hara



but not at the lake itself. The Hermits will be heard only up on Tunnel or Sulphur mountains and will also be heard and seen at Lake O'Hara. Sometime a little brown bird will attract your attention by scolding at you from a thicket of brush. Then you will have made the acquaintance of a Winter Wren. You may have heard him singing before, as he has a long song full of trills and warbles. The only other birds who have such sustaining songs are the Ruby-Crowned Kinglet and the Timberline Sparrow. The first nests around Banff choosing often the large Douglas fir or the biggest spruce he can find. The latter is found only in a few places at the edge of timber as its name implies.

Other common birds are the Oregon Junco with its black hood and light-colored bill. It shows two white tail feathers which form a V as it flies away; the friendly Chipping Sparrow with its rusty cap and white line over its eye, who will "Chip, chip, chip", at you until you pass along; the little Red-breasted Nuthatch whose "yank-yank-yank", will be heard many times in the woods; and the Pine Siskins which fly around in flocks chipping like house sparrows but emitting every so often their distinctive long buzzy "shreeeeee---". Then the warblers'. The most facinating of all - the Audubon Warbler with a yellow throat and yellow rump patch is the commonest around the Banff area. A similar bird, the Myrtle Warbler, with a white throat will be found in Jasper. Why does one prefer the Canadian Pacific Rockies and the other the Canadian National mountains? No one knows and between the two areas you my find either or both.

So Look and Listen, as you hike the high country! If you find birds to your liking, there are many you will soon learn to know. Provide yourself with a good pair of field glasses and buy Peterson's "Field Guide to Western Birds", in the new 1961 edition. The National Parks Service has a printed check list of birds of the Banff National Park and also they have a nice little booklet of the more common birds found there too. The check-list has almost 200 birds' names on it, so you see your study has just begun. Many interesting and exciting hours lie ahead of you - Happy Birding!

### F R E E D O M

You can give my hands a task,  
And let my mind go free,  
And never once will I compare  
My task to drudgery.

And you can make my feet to trace,  
A treadmill all the way;  
But if my spirit is not chained,  
I'll ask no holiday

But if my thoughts and dreams are held,  
As captives in your power,  
I am a restless prisoner,  
And languish in an hour.

Bess Foster Smith



NEWS COLUMN - Miss Evelyn Boyd took time out to paint the crests for the Presidents' Teepee (Ride and Hike crests) as well as some additional decorations and a small crest for the teepette and it makes the campsite more attractive.

IN MEMORIUM - Mrs. E. P. Lamar, formerly of Calgary and more recently of Mexico, died late in 1963. She attended many hikes and was president of the Healy Creek camp in 1952. Many of us remember happily, the pleasant skyline get-to-gether which we enjoyed at her lovely ranch style home in Houndsfield Heights, Calgary. Our sympathy to Mr. E. P. Lamar, who on occasions also attended the hike camps.

Lady Wheeler, wife of the late Sir Oliver Wheeler, died in West Vancouver on September 7, 1963. She and her husband's first skyline hike was in 1947 at Egypt Lake. Our sympathy to her son and his family, Dr. and Mrs. John O. Wheeler and children.

PAST PRESIDENT - Miss Jeanne M. Hunt, is following in the footsteps of Dr. John Murray Gibbon (our founder) in proving her ability to write lovely song parodies. She was responsible for the Skyline Hikers new songbook being prepared. It was initiated at the 1963 campfires and was very much enjoyed by everyone. Jeanne hopes that each year, some one or a group of persons will endeavour to write a suitable parody about the hiking area. The song can then be included in the Hikers' Campfire Songbook. Here are the words Miss Jeanne Hunt has composed about the 1963 skyline camp.

#### SKYLINE TRAILS

(Tune: When Irish Eyes are Smiling)

When skyline trails are winding,	Blue Egypt Lake is waiting,
Over alpine meadows fair,	Sheltered close amid tall trees;
With a breeze to stir the larches,	And we'll climb the ridge to Scarab,
In the pure, fresh mountain air.	To wander where we please.
We wend our way from Sunshine,	Perhaps we'll see some marmots,
Towards the Monarch and Mount Ball,	As we hike up Whistling Pass;
Over Simpson Pass and Red Earth,	Or wander through the larches,
And behold the waterfall!	To lovely Talc at last.

O, hike with me in the mountains,  
Where the best in life is free,  
And the joy of Skyline hiking,  
Fills our hearts so happily,  
Seems a little closer heaven,  
As we toss off every care,  
And we thrill in gay abandon  
To these mountain treasures rare.



BEAUTY CARE FOR THE OUTDOOR MINDED - Cleopatra's Complexion Charm

This is a recipe for home made cold cream. Place one pound pure lard in an aluminum bowl and cover with boiling water. Let it melt and cool, then set in refrigerator. Displacement of water and the salty seasoning in the lard takes place. Drain, whip with beater until fluffy. Add few drops of food coloring and a few drops of your favourite cologne. Beat to mix coloring and cologne. Pack into a jar or jars for immediate use or it can be stored in the 'frig. It is an excellent cream for softening the skin, chapped hands, sore feet, etc. Guaranteed to be as useful as it is economical and can be used by both cleopatras and pharaohs.

LIVING MOTTOS OF THE GREAT - courtesy of Friendly Chat

Dr. Russell Conwell adopted Gladstone's "Do it now" motto. "I made that rule the way of my life and it has succeeded wonderfully ... I do the next thing and I do it promptly. If I decide that a certain course is right, I act at once. I do not put it off until tomorrow."

King George V of England took for his guiding motto - "The secret of life is not to do what one likes to do, but try to like what one has to do."

Charles Wesley and Dwight L. Moody shared this practical motto - "Do all the good you can to all the people you can in all the ways you can just as long as ever you can."

PHILOSOPHICAL GEMS -

Doing the best you can with the little opportunities that come along, will get you farther than idly wishing for the big chance that may never arrive.

People who cannot find time for recreation are obliged, sooner or later, to find time for illness.

Let the other fellow think he's right when it really doesn't matter.

Conserve your mental muscles for things that count;  
and never bother to wrestle with the inevitable, the  
imponderable or the insignificant.

LIFE MEMBERSHIPS ARE AVAILABLE - \$25.00 Trail Riders and \$20.00 Skyline Hikers.

Mr. R. H. Palenske, Woodstock, Illinois designed the life membership certificates.

TRAIL RIDERS' CRESTS AND MILEAGE BUTTONS - SKYLINE HIKERS TOO!

Felt crests for either ride or hike - 4" in diameter - \$ 3. 50 each. Ride Buttons and Pins:

Bronze (50 mi.) \$2. 50; Silver (100 mi.) \$3. 50; Silver & Enamel (250 mi.) \$4. 00;

Gold (500 mi.) \$5. 00; Gold and Enamel \$6. 00 (1, 000 mi.); All Enamel (2, 500 mile) \$6. 00.

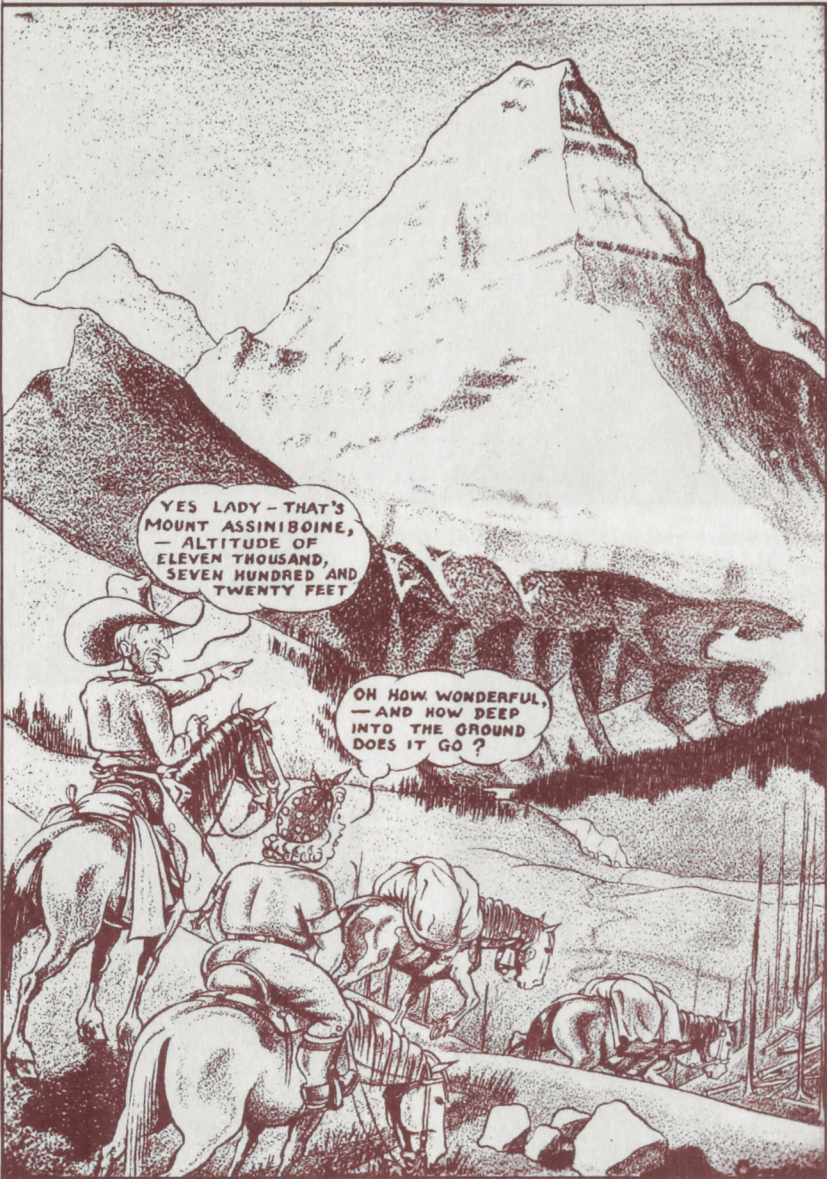
Skyline Hike Button or Pin: \$3. 50 each (25 miles or one hike)

Buttons and Pins are earned on a mileage basis and can then

be purchased by members of the respective associations.

HATS AND PROPER BOOTS for either riding or hiking are necessary for your mountain holiday comfort - it can be hot and in the high altitude many a person has regretted not having worn a H A T!





THE TRAIL RIDERS

Drawing by Stuart Cameron, staff cartoonist of the Calgary Herald, which kindly gives permission to reproduce





M. Earl Lomas - Calgary  
1964 - Trail Riders' President -



Mrs. Earl (Dorothy) Lomas - Calgary  
Trail Riders' Camp Emcee



George W. Kendall, Amarilla, Texas  
1964 Skyline Hikers' President



Robert L. Jones - Calgary  
Chairman - Skyline Hikers"  
Executive Committee





The Townsend Trophy  
for the Trail Riders'  
Photographic Contest.



Miss Julie Hrapko, Calgary - an enthusiastic  
hiker and photographer. She is a committee  
of one responsible for the Skyliner publication.



Mr. Bud Brewster, Banff.  
Outfitter for the 1963 and  
1964 trail rides and hike.



Miss Mary S. Lore, Calgary.  
Editor of the Bulletin.



# TIPS FOR THE TRAIL RIDE



TAGS  
are supplied  
For your horse  
For your saddle  
For your bridle

1. These tags help to identify your horse quickly. There may be over 100 horses on the Trail Ride.



2. Have your cinches looked to before you start and every time you stop for a rest on the ride.



3. Strap a slicker or raincoat behind the saddle in case of showers.

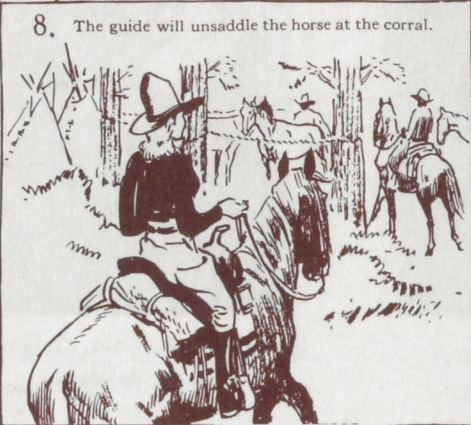


6. Give your horse as well as yourself an hour for lunch at midday.

## 7. If it starts to Rain..

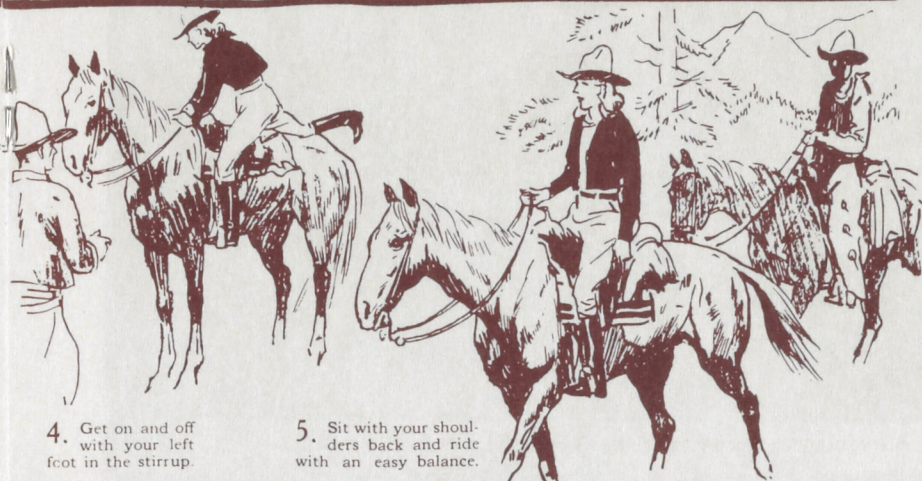


8. The guide will unsaddle the horse at the corral.





— by R. H. Palenske



4. Get on and off with your left foot in the stirrup.

5. Sit with your shoulders back and ride with an easy balance.

## GET OFF Your Horse.. THEN put on Your Raincoat



### WHAT TO TAKE... WHAT TO WEAR ON A TRAIL RIDE

10. A hat that will shed rain  
A shirt — flannel or buckskin, with pocket  
Riding breeches or overalls  
High-laced boots, or soft leather gaiters with short boots  
Gloves to protect the hands  
Coat of wool or leather for warmth and as a windbreak

- Slicker or blanket coat  
Large coloured silk handkerchief to keep mosquitoes from the neck  
Waterproof match box  
Large pocket or hunting knife fastened to the belt  
Tin or enamel cup carried on the saddle.





A evening campfire in 1940 - in the days before the donut.



Mummy Mountain and Scarab Lake.





W. R. (Bill) Dahlke, Minneapolis - Winner of the Townsend Trophy - 1963.



In the Palliser Pass area - the hikers at the 1964 camp will hike in this territory.



PRIZE-WINNING PICTURES in the TOWNSEND TROPHY COMPETITION - 1963



FIRST - "On Monarch Ridge"

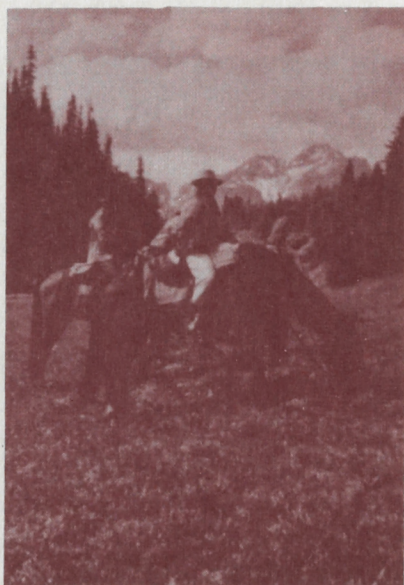
By W. R. Dahlke - Minneapolis



"Lunch Stop at Rock Isle Lake"

SECOND

By Mrs. Ed (Val) Newcombe, Seebe, Alberta



THIRD - "Trail Riders Near Eohippus Lake

- Simpson Ridge in Background"

By Mr. E. R. Pallat, Calgary

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**Trail Riders and Skyline Hikers of the Canadian Rockies**



OFF THE BEATEN TRACK VACATION JAUNTS BY SKYLINE HIKERS AND RIDERS

Every one of us appreciate the comforts and conveniences of our modern civilization but every once in a while, we like to get away from it all and so we sign up for the annual trail rides or a skyline hike and head for the Canadian Rockies, if you don't happen to be fortunate to live beside them! Here are a few excursions experienced by the writers as "after ride and hike" vacations.

VANCOUVER ISLAND - Strathcona Provincial Park

On August 10, 1963, Joyce Clearihue and Jane Waddell went with the Victoria Outdoor Club to Strathcona Park for a week of camping. We will not be offended if no one has heard of Strathcona Park as many Vancouver Islanders are hardly aware of its existence. It is the provincial park in the centre of the Island, just a wild inaccessible tract of land. A movement is at present afoot to draw attention to it in the hope of arousing the Parks Branch to prevent logging and mining operations here and persuade them to build a few access roads, trails and shelters.

Our trip was organized with all of this in mind by two clubs, the Up-Island Mountain Ramblers and the Victoria Outdoor Club, and we certainly had it brought home to us how inaccessible we were! Two parties of young men and boys hiked in at different times from Buttle's to Buhmen (?) Lake, taking two and three days to get there - a very rugged trip! The rest of us flew in (a 15 mile trip) and we also had a radio so that we could be in touch with Campbell River. This may all sound very 'sissy' and civilized but after a gigantic thunderstorm on the Monday night, we awoke on Tuesday morning to find ourselves completely 'socked in' and by Wednesday were debating our alternatives - either to sit tight, maybe for days, until a plane could come in (and hope that the food would hold out!) or to hike out backpacking for three days (we had only bargained on two from an earlier reconnaissance) but the accounts by the young men disheartened us dreadfully. Fortunately we received a radio message which made the decision for us - one of the men was to return to his job at once and a plane would come for him as soon as possible. The weather cleared slightly the next day and we heard a plane coming. We all packed our gear helter-skelter in fashion, and fell down the mountain side. We kept the plane shuttling to and fro until we all got out (22 of us). It was a shame to leave early, but we knew we were taking a big chance to stay and were aware of the weather hazard in this remotely located park.

What did we do while we were there? Some went to the peak of the Golden Hinde (the Island's highest mountain - 7,219'); others went to its lesser peak (the Pimple); we went up Mount Buhmen. We found beautiful flowers and we had an expert on the Island's flora along so he identified them for us. We swam in the warm lakes and camped in the most beautiful surroundings. On the dull weather days, we held a Rock school, with instruction from one of the leaders, Sid Watts. The card experts had a Bridge school. Around the fires we had a wonderful kind of fellowship drying out our socks and wet sleeping bags. We arranged our cooking and chores in small groups, which saved the need for central organization. The smoke curling up from many little campfires made a most impressive sight throughout the camp.



We finished our week in a different campsite on the Elk River. We had a boat trip from Gold River down to Nootka Island on the West Coast which is the spot where Captain Cook and the Spanish first landed - at Friendly Cove - all very historical and interesting.

We hope something will be done to improve the accessibility of this park. We do want to go back sometime to see the Golden Hinde, and to see the lovely lakes. The all inclusive cost per person was approximately fifty dollars plus many unusual and pleasant experiences. (written by Jane Waddell, Victoria, B. C.)

#### MOUNT ROBSON TO WELLS GRAY PARK (West of Jasper, Alberta)

(Mr. and Mrs. D.D. McKillop of Calgary made this motor trip during the early part of September, 1963)

We went to Jasper (270 miles from Calgary) and spent several nights there, the first being at Cavell Chalet, a lovely little place by Cavell Mountain, which gave us the opportunity of seeing both the sunset and sunrise. We were favored with wonderful weather and left for Robson village (55 miles west of Jasper) and turned at the junction to go to the Robson Ranch... it is not really a ranch at all, but the headquarters for a packing and outfitting business and where the people who run the chalet at Berg Lake live. We spent two nights here and enjoyed it very much. We did some easy hiking from there, including a trip to Kinney Lake, which is four miles on toward Berg Lake. It was very beautiful and the muddy trail had many different and interesting footmarks in it. While we saw no wildlife we felt perfectly certain that plenty saw us!

From Robson we went over the Yellowhead Pass and down the Thompson river valley to Clearwater. The road is only fair - considerably eroded but we only ran into difficulties once when a man very obligingly backed up some distance to effect a passing. We were glad we were going west which afforded us the inside of the road, however, there was very little traffic. The worst you could say about the road is that it is 'slow'... 20 miles and sometimes slower than that but it was very interesting all the way although not necessarily photographic. It was raining so we stopped to spend the night at Blue River in 'not modern' cabins. We were in good spirits and rose early next morning to be on our way to see all there was to see.

We turned north at Clearwater to investigate the possibilities of getting into Wells Gray Park and stopped to get some information. I went into the kitchen after a friendly voice invited me in and I found an Indian woman baking and the kitchen was positively redolent with wonderful smells - fresh bread, pies and things just cooking! Not far from here we located ourselves in one of the six most ultra modern motel units you would find anywhere. Before nightfall the ultra as well as the humble cabins were all filled with people from everywhere - Long Island, Miami, Denver, Seattle, California, and Calgary.

Wells Gray Park is a completely undeveloped area - absolutely magnificent and we would unhesitatingly recommend it to anyone who enjoys the big woods. We then came back to Clearwater and took another back road over to the Cariboo



and spent one night at 100 Mile House. There is a lovely lodge here built on the Old English style, owned and run by Martin Cecil, son of the Marquis of Exeter. The history of 100 Mile House is nothing short of being very fascinating. We returned home via the Okanagan valley and Roger's Pass. We were too early for the autumn colors but it was still just beautiful! (written by Mrs. D.D. McKillop).

#### AMETHYST LAKES AND THE TONQUIN VALLEY

Sixteen miles southwest of Jasper lies beautiful Cavell Lake, cradled in the shadow of Mt. Edith Cavell. Leading from the head of the lake is a well travelled trail (by hikers and horses), which takes the hardy traveller for a distance of approximately twelve long miles to the lovely Amethyst Lakes and the majestic Ramparts. The journey is made interesting by the many varieties of mountain flowers, especially the magnificent blue-purple-white Lupin (late July and early August). If you are lucky you may see some Upland Cariboo and you are certain to see some moose and deer. Numerous day trips can be enjoyed; two which we enjoyed were to Outpost lake (site of the Alpine Club of Canada's lovely hut), and the all day trip by rowboat and land to Moat lake and Tonquin hill. The lakes and streams are a hardy fisherman's paradise. Protected from the winds which can sweep down from the Tonquin valley along the rocky shores of the Amethyst Lakes, almost hidden among the scrubby fir trees, is a comfortable lodge and cabins for the mountaineer. (Be sure to make reservations well in advance before you go). Sturdy boots are needed to battle the swampy terrain; repellent and patience for the mosquitoes; a good map to find your way and to identify the numerous mountain peaks (if you are interested) and glacier fields. The hardy vacationer will find himself enjoying one of the most beautiful mountain areas. This is also a photographer's opportunity for a real variety of wild flowers - needs a bit of patience to wait for the wind to quieten sometimes but well worth the wait.

THANK YOU! - What beautiful words they are! For they speak of the gratitude that is within, and bless the one who hears them.

A friend of mine, a successful businessman, volunteered to perform a difficult community task, involving responsibility for which he received no payment. He accepted the task because he loved his neighborhood. In the two years that he held the position, he received many letters of complaint. But in those two years, he received only two letters of appreciation. True, much formal appreciation was spoken, but only two persons took time to write him. My friend was so impressed by those two letters that he took time to seek out each person, just to thank him.

Have you learned the art of appreciation? One of the kits of kindness that each person ought to have in his possession is a package of thank-you notes. Send a simple, sincere "thank you" note of appreciation to those who render some service.

Recently it was said that when toll-keepers on an eastern turnpike began to thank the customers, some drivers started away and then backed up to express appreciation for the word of thanks. If ever we become too busy to express appreciation, we are too busy! . . . . . Harleigh M. Rosenberger . . . . .



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**TRAIL RIDERS OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES -**

by the kind permission of Harriet Leach - free lance writer

5018 North Williams Avenue, Portland 17, Oregon, U.S.A.

The pioneer spirit that generates rugged individualism is still very much alive in this great northwest. We saw it at work this summer as members of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies.

Off for a six-day holiday, fifty of us, garbed in true western style, left Banff in a Brewster bus for a twelve-mile ride up the mountains. (The pioneer Brewster family is responsible for much of the development in the mountains around Banff.) This jaunt led us to the corral where horses were saddled and numbered as each of us had submitted our weight well in advance. The Brewster ranch furnished the horses but some cayuses were obtained from Indians. Brett, the tall handsome cowboy guide, with eyes as blue as the forget-me-nots that covered the valleys, called out our names and numbers. In about an hour we were all up and mounted for the climb.

We rode eight miles up to our camp on Healy Creek. It didn't take long to learn how sure-footed the animals were on the rocky trails. No need to guide them - they knew their way. It was an ideal camping spot in the Simpson Summit area. Healy Creek is a historical route as Sir George Simpson, governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, followed it on his great overland journey around the world with James Rowand in 1841. One of the forks of Simpson Pass trail has been worn deep from the tribes of Stony and Kootenay Indians who used it for over a century.

Our tents - Indian teepees - at one time made by the Stony Indians and supplied by the Canadian Pacific Railway but are now made by a factory and purchased by the independent Trail Riders and Trail Hikers associations - some of them large enough for five people. My sister, Flo, made our fire on the ground in the middle, surrounded it with rocks and the flames shot straight up through the hole in the centre. It was a bit tricky managing the poles when a storm broke loose. The opening had to be partially closed.

Our duffel bags preceded us on the pack train so we spent a busy afternoon getting organized. We heard the crashing and chopping of trees in the woods. The boys were getting our firewood. A beating on the bottom of a dishpan called us to "chow" in the "long house" where we soon got acquainted and enjoyed the best meal ever and plenty of it. Nearly all the provinces were represented, many from Calgary and others from very remote towns in Canada. There were two other Oregonians, Carl Denison and Marilyn Brown and several from California and the middle states. Twenty were coming from Switzerland for the August ride. The King and Queen of Siam and nine members of their party took this trail ride in 1931.

Flo and I turned in early as a full day's ride on the morrow meant breakfast at seven. We inflated our air mattress and zipped ourselves up in our sleeping bags confident of a sound night's sleep in the scented air of the evergreens all



about us. But something went wrong in the night. The soft bed had melted into hard lumps. The mattress went flat. We spent most of the night wedging ourselves between tree roots.

It was a perfect day for the ride to Lake Eohippus. The panoramic views at every turn on the trail are breath-taking. The blue of the atmosphere in the valleys is the depth of our own beautiful Crater Lake. Riding up on the bus we saw wild roses everywhere; now the blue forget-me-nots and Indian paint brush of many hues were our constant companions. Whenever, there was a good stretch of meadow our Coquette and Hunter made the most of it. They seemed to relish getting off the rocky trails. Another trip was to Egypt Lake. Somebody with a love for the oriental had named this lake as well as Scarab, Pharaoh, Sphinx and Mummy lakes. To be seen from most of the trails is lofty Mount Assiniboine, 11,870 feet high.

Our watchful cowboy guides were always on the alert for loose cinches or stirrups too long or too short. At noon we dismounted in a valley and let the horses graze. Hank, Art, Erick and Walter - all fine rodeo riders - soon had a roaring fire and made our coffee. Sandwiches, cookies and fruit were laid out; after an hour's rest we were on the trail again.

It was on this trip that one of the girls had a harrowing experience. She was last in the line and somehow got separated from the group. The trail forked - which one should she take? "Panic gripped me", she said, "I listened for some sound of the riders but heard nothing. I could have been lost forever in those mountains if I chose the wrong trail. I dismounted and examined each one closely. On one I saw the grasses pressed down. I decided to follow that one and at that moment Art rode up looking for me." He was the Indian Agent on the Stony Indian reservation. The boys took turns riding up and down the line counting us. Sundown found us in camp devouring another good meal.

Recalling John Muir's words about the finest bed in the world being under the open sky on a bed of pinboughs, we set out, axe in hand. A deflated mattress could not rob us of another night's sleep.

We never missed the beauty of the night sky - the brilliance and closeness of the stars were a rare delight. One night we were given a special exhibition. There were long shafts of light invading the firmament. They spread and quivered in the vastness then faded away. It was a clear light - no colors, as other displays I have seen of the aurora borealis.

Evening in camp found most of us in the "donut". This was the big round tent open to the sky with a roaring log fire in the centre. Everybody sang the familiar songs and favourite poems by the trail riders as far back as forty years were read. Flo and I contributed some harmony numbers with Dora and Hank on the accordin and the guitar. Hot chocolate and cookies finished off the delightful evenings.

One day hiking over the trails near camp, Mary Peever, Dora Kirk and we came upon an old log cabin. The roof had caved in and timbers were strewn



about. A sign lying nearby read "Simpson Lodge." As the old rusty nails were still in it we picked up a rock and nailed it up. Returning to camp we heard music in the woods. Just around the bend in the trail was a group of the boys enjoying a little nip and drinking in the songs of Hank and his guitar.

That night the weather pattern changed. Clouds filled the sky and a brisk wind blew up. The trip planned for the morrow was up on the ridge of Monarch Mountain, 8,500 feet. Several decided to remain in camp. When well up in the heights, the heavens emptied itself of rain, hail and snow. The wind howled with hurricane frenzy whipping the faces of the riders and nearly blowing them from their saddles. The great snowflakes blotted out the lofty grandeur. Thunder reverberated through the mountains like a stupendous crash of music. Was this a display of the anger of the gods? The wind carried strange sounds. Could it be Brunnhilde singing her war song to summon the Valkyries to her aid? It seemed as though Valhalla was very close. It was a fearsome experience yet a mysterious rapture pervaded it all.

Returning to the valleys more hazards were to be faced and several became hysterical. The low places became quagmires and the horses at times sank nearly to their bellies. Ascending a steep grade, one of them lost his footing on the slippery shale. Back he went with all fours in the air and the rider pinned underneath. A tragedy was averted because of two trees. The animal got evenly wedged between them. They kept his full weight off the girl. She suffered serious bruises and everyone was grateful for the services of the good Irishman, Dr. O'Sullivan. One morning he was up at dawn to try his luck in the stream. He brought us some beautiful trout as an expression of his gratitude for some mending we did on his sleeping bag. Yes, "going out back" took fortitude. James Whitcomb Riley could hardly have waxed poetic about the out-houses in the Rockies. True, "the architecture was a type of simple classic art," but

"In sooth the building was no place where one could wish to stay.  
We did our duties, there one purpose swayed the mind;  
We tarried not nor lingered long....."

The Stony Indians pitched their camp in Banff for a few days following the Calgary Stampede. They paraded down the main street headed by two red-coated mounties. Their costumes were predominately white, and the red, greens and blues of bands of beads and feathers made a breath-taking sight. The oldest living Indian chief in North America rode his mount with great dignity. He was Walking Buffalo, ninety-four years old. He was educated by Methodist missionaries and named by them, George McLean.

We could not leave Banff without standing for a few moments at the grave of one of Canada's greatly loved men. In the shadow of towering Mt. Rundle, a Scot-smán from Montreal, Dr. John Murray Gibbon, lay where he wanted to be in death - among the mountains where he hiked and rode for so many years. He organized



the Trail Riders and the Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies forty years ago. He was a prolific writer, poet and musician and managed publicity for the Canadian Pacific Railway in Canada and in Europe.

His funeral drew the lowly and most prominent of Canada's citizens; members of the national parks who supervised the blazing of trails; trail hikers and trail riders from America and all the provinces in Canada. A group of trail riders in white blouses and blue jeans sang the Lord's Prayer, Scottish pipers in kilts, piped the Lament and Flowers of the Forest. Indians of the Stony tribe, in full regalia, came to bid their Chief Man-of-Many Sides, a last farewell.

One might wonder what draws these riders to the Rockies, year after year. The camaraderie between the rider and his horse can only be understood by one who loves horses. One's sense are sharpened and exhilarated by the pungent mountain air as the horse picks his way up and up. Then you emerge from the wooded trail and come upon the unbelievable expanse of rugged snow capped mountain peaks and valleys clothed in sapphire blue; how can one's feelings be put into words? With wind, rain or snow in the face - no matter - you are transported to a new world at every bend in the trail. How can one describe the gurgling of the creeks, the souging of the wind in the pines, the lacy larch trees limned-against the sky, the colorful alpine flowers and the woody scent that penetrates your nostrils?

I like to think of the blue smoke curling up from the cowboys' bonfires. I'll always remember Hank and his guitar; and the good bacon and eggs and pancakes that Esther made. I loved hearing the hoof beats of the horses coming into camp. What joy it was talking over the events of the day with so many new friends. This all made the parting difficult. Yes, I know why we all want to go back again and again.

#### TIME versus LIFE -

There is an old Chinese proverb that reads:

"Though the life of a man be short of a hundred years, he gives himself as much anxiety as if he were to live a thousand."

Isn't it true? Look at the hurrying crowds of men and women. Anxiety in their faces. The weight of the universe on their shoulders. Strain, fear, worry, rush!

One day a Chinese student was riding in an auto with one of our typical speed-demons. When the driver saw a train approaching, he said, "Unless we beat that train, we will be delayed three minutes." He stepped on the gas and cleared the crossing, with only seconds to spare!

When they were safely across, the Oriental, a bit shaken by the experience, quietly inquired, "Now, what are you going to do with the three minutes you saved?"



WE WANT TEEPEES!

The hikers and riders in 1942 cried out, "We are all for the teepees!" But the teepees, where were they? The Spartans got together, a baker's dozen of them and had a council of war. We wanted teepees, we didn't want nice heated rooms with spring mattresses and nice comfy blankets; we wanted to rough it. We had enough comfort at home; we wanted to be miserably happy and uncomfortable for at least four days in the year, even if we did get a good soaking. Let it rain, what did we care? (from the October, 1942 Bulletin)

In 1963 hikers and riders still want teepees! Why? They cost more? They are harder to handle and to store? They are time consuming to set up? Outfitters these days don't have to set up teepees for any one else but the trail rider and hike camps - no one knows how to set up a teepee - the manufactured teepee doesn't seem to fit the pine poles in the right spots like the teepees the Stonys used to make. The teepees are coming in bigger sizes so we can put more people in them; so the stockpile of teepee poles carefully saved from camp to camp are too small - this necessitates cutting more and longer teepee poles out of the forest. Teepees leak - down the middle through the top, along the edges and along the poles. The breezes come racing in from the base of the teepee in the early morn. Impractical! you say, and maybe you are right. But there's something about a teepee. They add glamour to the camp. It is an experience to have lived and slept in a teepee. Imagine! Coming back after a day's riding or hiking to a village of tents! Spiritually teepee town gives the outdoor soul a lift. A few modern Spartans, the members of the riders and hikers executives are busy promoting, investigating and planning to waterproof all the teepees before the 1964 camps are set up. We are different from the 1942 Spartan, we do care if we get wet; but we don't care once we have dried out. Here is hoping this mighty project meets with success, so that the mountain weather can be met more comfortably. The outfitter thinks they are impractical - the cowboys cuss 'em, but the hikers and riders love them. May we be able to continue to enjoy our campsites 'Teepee Style.'

THE TEEPEE-ETTE

An "Original" little teepee was the brainstorm of a certain hiker. It came into being February, 1963, just in time for the joint Hike-Ride Round-up. It is complete with poles, stakes, hike crest and some decorations. It has attended a photographers' convention and the 1963 Skyline Hikers' camp. It is about four feet high and three feet in diameter.

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People forget how fast you did a job - but they remember how well you did it.



GETTING MORE OUT OF LIFE

Riding to work the other day, the bus driver gave us a fresh point of view, relates an unnamed writer in The Printed Word. "Driving in traffic day after day must get tiresome," one of us ventured, making conversation.

"No-o-o-o," he drawled, raising his voice on the last of the extended "o's" "It's what you see in between the traffic that makes this job interesting. You work in an office....." he continued, and without giving us a chance to answer, "and what do you see? Nothing but walls, work and worry."

"Sure, I've got worries, too, but what of it? I've got a new sight every leap the pistons take in this motor. There's new people to see, children I'm watching grow up, houses I'm watching being torn down, and happiness and sorrow between every two street lights on my route." Just then an ancient, rust-infested car trundled across the bus's path and the conversation was broken for a moment.

The bus driver resumed; "Listen, I know what kind of mood you and every rider on my bus are in when they hit the step into the bus. A cheery word from me has helped a lot of gloomy folks many a morning. When I get you down to work safely, I've kept a business going with one of its important cogs safe and sound. When I get you home at night, and know your wife is waiting for you, I've made another family happy because its husband and father is home, fit as a fiddle."

A commendable philosophy. Here was a seemingly unemotional task. Cramped in a crowded leather seat, this man was seeing more, and getting more out of life, than many get in the round of scenic wonders or educational advantages or comfortable surroundings.

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HOW TO BE LAZY AND LOVE IT! - Journal of Lifetime Living.

It's wonderful to be lazy - if you know how! It spares your heart, saves your energy, relaxes your mind - and you needn't feel at all guilty about it if you confine your laziness to these approved ways, recommended by a psychologist.

Be too lazy to frown, fidget and worry.

Don't wear yourself out carrying the needless weights of grudges, prejudices and envy.

Listen more than you talk, and see how much better you feel after almost any meeting or gathering.

Don't run to catch a bus or trolley. The next one is better for your heart.

Don't rush for a bargain that takes more out of you than it saves for your pocketbook.

Don't knock yourself out trying to park your car in a space too small for a scooter. Better to pay a parking fee at a lot than a bill at a hospital.

Don't bother to quarrel over small things - like a card game.



Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies - 41st Year  
(Officers, Committees, Council - 1964)

President: Mr. M. Earl Lomas Calgary (1964)  
Sr. V. Pres. Mr. John Legge Calgary (1963)  
Vice Pres. Mr. John Waite, Calgary (1962)  
Mr. R. W. Davis, Berkeley, Calif. (1963)  
Secretary-Treasurer: Mr. L. W. Shulman, Calgary (1961)  
Recording Secretary: Mrs. Elaine Downing, Calgary (1964)  
Official Trail Ride Doctor: Dr. Vaughn Mason, Calgary (1962)  
Trail Committee: D. McVeigh, Drumheller; B. Robinson, H. Watkins,  
L. Shulman of Calgary (1961)

Publications: Trail Chatter - B. Robinson; Bulletin - M. Lore -- Calgary

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE: (7 members - 4 a quorum - see page 2 of cover)

COUNCIL MEMBERS: (The Council shall consist of not less than 20 and not more than 30 members and shall include in those numbers the officers of the society - 10 a quorum)

Bell, R. N., Gormley, Ont. (1962)  
Bailey, Miss J., Vancouver, B.C.  
Bishopp, Miss J., Wms. Lake, B.C. (1963)  
Bolebec, Miss B., Vancouver, B.C.  
Fedak, Miss Irene, Winnipeg, Man. (1959)  
Hart, Miss Suzanne, Kelowna, B.C. (1961)  
Fisher, Mr. Roy, Calgary, Alta. (1962)  
Jenkins, Miss Marg. Vancouver, (1958)  
Joyce, Mr. W., Toronto, Ont. (1958)  
Kincaid, Mr. James, San Francisco (1963)  
Laidlaw, Mr. F., Vancouver, (1952)  
Lore, Miss Mary, Calgary (1958)

Mason, Dr. Vaughn, Calgary (1962)  
McIvor, Mr. J., Winnipeg, Man. (1952)  
Maitland, Miss Mara, Edmonton (1963)  
Moulton, Mrs. Esther, N. Y. (1959)  
Neelands, Mr. H., Edmonton (1957)  
Priestly, Mrs. Beth, Winnipeg, (1960)  
Ramsay, Miss Helen, Edmonton (1954)  
Renwick, Mr. Jim, Ravendale, Ont. (1952)  
Riley, Mrs. R. C., Calgary (1950)  
Mrs. Isabelle Rooney, Calgary  
Waite, Mrs. John, Calgary (1958)  
Whittaker, Mr. Chas., Edmonton (1960)  
Woolley, Miss Ruth, Woodbury, N.J. (1950)

PAST PRESIDENTS:

Bardwell, W. V. Barington, Ill.  
Coleman, H. T., Montreal,  
Crump, N. R., Montreal  
Diversity, Marshall, H., Woodbury, N. J.  
Dooley, Mrs. H., Chicago, Ill.  
Douglas, Chas., Calgary,  
Dunn, Chas. M., Regina, Sask.  
Fuerst, Mrs. W. A., Cincinnati, Ohio  
Gillespie, Dr. A. T., Ft. William, Ont.  
Hoffmeyer, K., Indianapolis, Ind.  
Hollander, Sidney, Baltimore, Md.  
Kirkland, W. Oak Park, Ill.

McVeigh, D. C., Drumheller, Alta.  
Moore, Mrs. P. A., Banff, Alta.  
Muirhead, Dr. Dorothy, Hastings, Minn.  
Palenske, R. H., Woodstock, Ill.,  
Price, Dr. H. W., Calgary, Alberta  
Prowd, Dr. C. W., Vancouver, B. C.  
Rea, Dr. Geo., Saskatoon, Sask.  
Robinson, Mrs. J., Calgary, Alta.  
Vanek, Dr. H. J., Menomonie, Wis.  
Vaux, Geo., Bryn Mawr, Pa.  
Wardle, J. M., Ottawa, Ont.  
Watkins, H. C., Calgary, Alta.  
Wilcox, W. D., Chevy Chase, Md.



Skyline Hikers of the Canadian Rockies - 32nd Year  
(Officers, Committees and Council) 1964

President	- Mr. George W. Kendall	- Amarilla, Texas	(1964)
Sr. V. Pres.	- Mr. Robert L. Jones	Calgary	(1962)
Vice Pres. (4)	- Mr. Ian MacKenzie	Strathmore, Alta.	(1962)
	Mrs. C. (Muriel) Preston	Creston, B.C.	(1960)
	Miss Evelyn Boyd	Bowmanville, Ont.	(1960)
	Miss Evelyn Davidson	Chicago, Ill.	(1963)
Secretary-Treasurer:	Mr. Louis W. Shulman	Calgary, Alberta	(1961)
Recording Secretary:	Miss Jeanne Hunt	Calgary, Alberta	(1963)
Official Trail Hike Doctor:	Dr. A. Somerville,	Edmonton	(1951)
Official Trail Hike Photographer:	Dr. A. Somerville,	Edmonton	(1962)
Official Camp Director:	Miss Mary S. Lore,	Calgary, Alberta	(1960)
Trail Committee:	L. W. Shulman, R. Loudon	- Calgary & Ian MacKenzie,	Strathmore
Publications:	Skyliner - Miss J. Hrapko	- Bulletin - Miss Mary Lore	- Calgary.
Equipment:	R. Jones, H. Herrle, J. Crossley, J. Barber	- Calgary.	
Records:	Miss Aileen Case,	Calgary	

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE: (see front cover - page 2) (7 members - 4 a quorum)

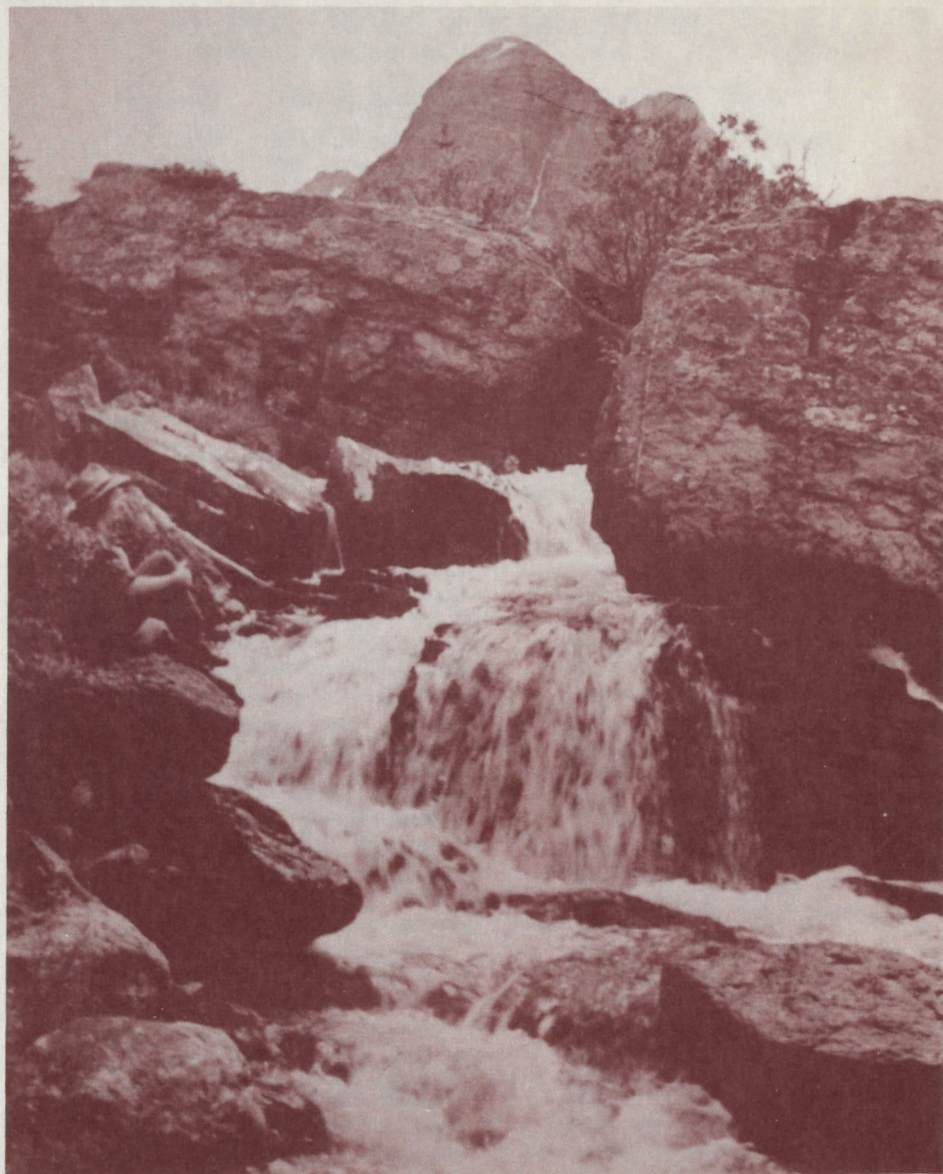
COUNCIL MEMBERS: (The Council shall consist of not less than 20 and not more than 30 members and shall include in those numbers the officers of the society - 10 a quorum)

AARON, Marshall, Chicago, Ill.	(1963)	Jordan, Miss D., Montreal	(1958)
Bocking, Douglas, Saskatoon,	(1962)	Kisser, Miss Betty, Edmonton	(1961)
Case, Miss Aileen, Calgary	(1963)	Moody, Miss Eva, New Westminster, B.C.	(1958)
Crossley, J. C., Calgary	(1959)	Murray, Capt. J. I., North Vanc., B.C.	(1961)
Crozier, Miss Thelma, Calgary	(1962)	Norbury, James, Calgary	(1963)
English, Mrs. H., Edmonton	(1963)	Price, Mrs. Doris, Edmonton, Alta.	(1954)
Everest, C. J., Calgary	(1963)	Royan, Mr. Tom, Calgary,	(1961)
Fedak, Miss Irene, Winnipeg	(1959)	Schock, Miss Tillie, Vancouver, B.C.	(1962)
Frost, Mr. E. C., Calgary	(1961)	Somerville, Dr. Ian C., Abington, Pa.	
Gish, R. B., Red Deer, Alta.	(1963)	(Charter Member - 1933)	
Hrapko, Miss J., Calgary	(1962)	Stevenson, Mrs. Doris, Medicine Hat, Alta.	(1960)
Hutchings, Miss Peggy, Brandon	(1961)	Wright, Miss Gwen, Vancouver, B.C.	(1957)
Jones, Mrs. J., College, Alaska	(1960)		


HONORARY MEMBERS AND PAST PRESIDENTS:

Bell, Mrs. F. C., W. Vancouver, B.C.	de Lacy, Miss Bea, Portland, Oregon
Carter, Wilf, New York (Hon)	McCowan, Miss Margaret, Brandon, Man.
Chanter, F. H., Victoria, B.C.	MacFarland, Mrs. D. C., Ithaca, Pa.
Diverty, M. H., Woodbury, N.J.	Martin, George C., West Vancouver, B.C.
Doeller, G. A., Dayton, Ohio	Moore, Mrs. P. A., Banff, Alta.
Fallis, Anne, Calgary, Alta.	Nichols, Mr. Graham, Montreal, Que. (Hon.)
Galbraith, Miss J., Lethbridge, Alta.	Shulman, Louis W., Calgary,
Hamilton, Mrs. A. C., Golden, B.C.	Siegfried, Miss Jerry, Wichita, Kansas
Hinman, Miss Caroline, Summit, N.J.	Simpson, Mrs. James, Banff, Alta.
Hollander, Sidney, Baltimore, Md.	Somerville, Dr. A., Edmonton, Alta.
Holmes, E. P., Calgary, Alta.	Vallance, S. R., Banff, Alta.
Horsey, G. F., Field, B.C.	Vaux, Mr. & Mrs. Geo. Bryn Mawr, Pa.
Hunt, Miss Jeanne, Calgary,	Ward, Sam, Banff
Laidlaw, Fred, Vancouver, B.C. (Hon.)	Wardle, J. M., Ottawa, Ont.
Lore, Mary S., Calgary,	Whyte, Peter, Banff, Alta.





Natalco falls - near Natalco Lake and the abandoned talc mine.

LITHOGRAPHED IN CANADA BY  BANFF CRAG & CANYON

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Trail Riders and Skyline Hikers of the Canadian Rockies